

August

Philip White

A humming stillness. In the orchards up and down the valley
the pith of summer turns slowly to juices. Ripeness:
what my grandmother knows, hunched in her silence.
Hence, when we come, our jar of peaches, snapshots, hymns . . .

It is late. A curtain of old webs hangs at her window.
Evening trembles on her face.
We would bend to kiss her and take our leave,
but the light stays. We are swaddled in meshes.